

WEEPS ON STAND
AS SHE TESTIFIESMrs. Bradley in the Witness
Chair Four Hours.

RECITES STORY OF LIFE

Brown Gave Her Pistol to Shoot
His Own Wife.Woman Charged with Murder of
Former Senator Tells Story of His
Unhappy Domestic Relations—Re-
calls Tale of Brown's Desire to Get
Rid of Mrs. Brown by Divorce.For four hours yesterday, Mrs. Annie
M. Bradley occupied the witness chair
in Criminal Court No. 1, where she is on
trial for the murder of Senator Brown.
She related a story of wrong and suffering
that brought tears not only to the
spectators, but to the eyes of the jurors
who sit in judgment on her.The fact that Mrs. Bradley would take
the stand in her own behalf brought to
the courtroom a crowd that thronged
every entrance to the courtroom, and
when every seat in the room was taken,
there was remaining on the outside people
enough to fill half a dozen rooms.Under the direct questioning of Judge
Orlando Powers, her chief counsel, Mrs.
Bradley related a history of her life from
the time she met Arthur Brown, in 1882,
down to two weeks previous to Decem-
ber 8, the date on which she shot him
in his apartment in the Raleigh Hotel.

Was Almost Exhausted.

When she arrived at this point the
hour of adjournment had arrived, and she
was almost exhausted. By a strange co-
incidence she, at that time, was repeat-
ing a remark of Senator Brown's at one
of their last meetings. This was:

"I am tired, very tired."

This described her own condition, and
Justice Stafford ordered adjournment
taken.Mrs. Bradley has but little left to tell,
but that little is important and the climax
of her pathetic and pitiful story will come
this morning when she relates the scene
in Brown's apartment, which ended with
him being taken to a hospital, never to
emerge alive and she to a prison cell to
spend almost a year before being called
for trial.When Judge Powers directed the clerk
to call Annie M. Bradley to the witness-
stand complete sobs fell upon the room,
and as she slowly arose from her chair,
her face pale, and stood to be sworn,
there was an expectation of a remark-
able story, and this expectation was more
than fulfilled.In answer to the first questions put to
her by Judge Powers, the spectators saw
only her lips move. They heard no
sound. The stenographer barely heard
her, and moved his seat nearer the wit-
ness, and by direction of the court read
her answers to the jury. At no time dur-
ing the recital could the spectators back
of the rail, about twenty feet from the
stand, hear her voice, and her answers
were carried to them by the voice of the
stenographer reading to the jury.

Testifies in a Whisper.

Mrs. Bradley related the birth of her
children and operations by Senator
Brown, and she did so with bowed head
and in a voice that was no more than a
whisper. When first she spoke of the
dead man her tears flowed freely, and
when she spoke of his love, affection, and
tender solicitude for her during the first
years of their liaison she sobbed aloud.In answer to Judge Powers' preliminary
questions, Mrs. Bradley said she was
thirty-five years old, and was born in
Kansas City, Mo. Her parents were both
living. She lived in Kansas City until
she was seven or eight years old, when
her parents moved to Colorado Springs,
Colo., where they resided for about two
years, when they located in Salt Lake
City. They lived there for a short time,
when they again moved to Denver, Colo.
She attended school for several years,
finishing her education by taking a busi-
ness course, after which she secured em-
ployment with a clothing company in
Denver as bookkeeper and cashier. She
was compelled to quit this employment
on account of ill health.She said she had an indistinct recollec-
tion of being struck on the head when a
child by a playmate, and that she still
bears the scar. Mrs. Bradley said when
she was sixteen years old she had small-
pox, accompanied by pneumonia.

Goes to Salt Lake City.

What year did you first visit Salt
Lake? Inquired Judge Powers.

"In April, 1890."

"How long did you remain?"

"I have lived there ever since."

"After you went there in 1890, did you
do anything?""Yes, sir; I was a clerk in the water
department, of which my uncle was su-
perintendent. I was in this department
three years and nine months."

"Were you ever married?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long after you left the water de-
partment before you were married?"

"A little over a week."

"Who did you marry?"

"Clarence Bradley."

"Can you give the date of the mar-
riage?"

"It was September 20, 1892."

Mrs. Bradley said the marriage took
place in Salt Lake City, and that for
about two years she and her husband
boarded with her mother. She said that
following her marriage she was a mem-
ber of the Salt Lake Women's Club, and
was corresponding secretary and treas-
urer of the State Federation of Women's
Clubs. She was also a member of the
Women's Press Club, and a member of
the Poets' Round Table.Judge Powers then asked if at any time
she had been active in politics in Utah,
and this question was objected to by
District Attorney Baker. Judge Pow-
ers said the object was to show how
Mrs. Bradley first came in contact with
Senator Brown. A consultation at theLook Out! Prices of Lumber Much Lower.
Frank Libbey & Co., 6th st. and N. Y. ave.A WOMAN BOWED BENEATH
GRIEVOUS WEIGHT OF WRONG

By HECTOR FULLER.

The courtroom was packed. Before
the bar and behind it there was room
for not one other individual. Even the
attorneys, those fighting to see justice
done on behalf of the commonwealth
and those waging a defensive fight for
a woman's life, were huddled together
in one corner of the space set apart for
them before the dusky plush curtains
which hedge around the dignity of the
presiding judge.The jury filed in and occupied its
seats. A great craning of necks here
and cries from the stern-faced men with
"U. S. M." embroidered on their col-
lars, of "Keep your seats there!"
Through the windows, across the light
and air space could be seen the adjoining
corridor, its windows filled with eager
faces.A curious throng this! Nearly as
many women as men. The faces of the
men for the most part stolid, indifferent,
apathetic. The women, of all ages,
babbling to each other under their
breaths. Those that wore veils had
them lifted and wrapped about the bon-
nets so that the view might not be ob-
structed. The type known as "Fluffy
Ruffles" was in evidence; one of these
sat in the front row, chewing gum.
There were elderly women with gaudy
rings. Over all there was a tense, eager
air of expectancy!Suddenly the indirectness of the
spectators was focussed, for, silently,
into the center of the room had come
the defendant, Mrs. Annie M. Bradley;
she had been known as Mrs. Arthur
Brown; the slayer of a man who had
loved her, and left her. Escorted by
an imperturbable deputy she pushed
silently through the throng, sat for a
moment for consultation with her coun-
sel, rose with the rest of the spectators
at the entrance of the judge—embodi-
ment of law and order—and then, un-
accompanied, walked slowly and a trifle
painfully to the witness stand to tell the
story of her life and love.Love leads to such a goal as this—
sometimes!Clad all in black, save for a tiny ruffle
of lace about her throat Mrs. Annie M.
Bradley is a rather unattractive, intense-
ly pitiful figure. A slight, undersized
body, trembling more than a little and
yet bearing herself—this lone woman—
with conspicuous bravery. Not an un-
pleasant face, nor unkindly, but the skin
is sallow and pale, the lips, thin and
tense, are ashen grey; the eyes, often
cast down, are, when they look out upon
the sea of faces, lusterless and dull.It is pitiful to see a woman just from
prison, for there she has so few of the
opportunities that her free sisters have
of making the best of her charms. Mrs.
Bradley's hair is straggling about her
face; her hat is not on straight; her
clothes, good in themselves, show the
need of care. Be sure these things are
marked by the women in the throng.
The Fluffy Ruffles, chewing gum in the
front row, comments on them to her
neighbor, a low-browed gentleman in a
red neck cravat.Mrs. Bradley holds herself well to-
gether. As she becomes seated she
smooths her skirts before her as well as
may be; she looks about pathetically with
something of the agony that one sees in
the glassy eyes of a shot fawn. It is
only when, conscious for a moment that
her hair is untidy, and she tries to bring
it under some control, that one notices
that the slender, attenuated fingers are
trembling. She seems to realize it, too, as
a stray lock will not stay off her face,
and the thin, but mobile lips quiver in
sympathy.It is a kindly, tender voice that hurls
the questions at her from the counsel's
table. It is with an heroic effort that
she answers in a voice that is evidently
weak, but which she bravely tries to
make audible. It is a clear voice, polished;
the voice of a woman of culture, and
the language in which her answers are
phrased or her pitiful story told, is well-
chosen, good English, displaying a wide
vocabulary.As the minutes wear on the voice
grows stronger, and as she, sitting so
isolated there above the heads of the
crowd, loses self-consciousness, and,
mercifully, perhaps, loses for a time the
dreadful memory of where she is or
what her presence here means, the
deadly pallor fades away; color comes
into the lips and steals into the cheeks,
and as she, for a time, loses her-
self in the memories of the past when
love was her portion and self-sacrifice
and maternity, the little woman becomesbeneficent, and when the attorneys
resumed their seats, the question was
repeated, and the defendant answered in
the affirmative."Were you selected by your party for
any public position at any time?""Yes, sir; I was secretary of the Fifth
precinct in Salt Lake, and later I was
secretary of the State Republican com-
mittee for 1900 and 1902."Judge Powers then reverted to the mar-
ried life of the defendant."With regard to your married life,"
he said, "state whether it was happy
or unhappy.""It was unhappy—very unhappy," re-
plied Mrs. Bradley sadly, tears showing
in her eyes."At any time did you and your hus-
band cease to live together?"

"Yes; in the summer of 1898."

"At any time have you ever been di-
vorced from him?"

"Yes; in December, 1905."

After the reply to this question there
was a pause, and Judge Powers asked:"Did you know Senator Arthur Brown
in his life time?"When she heard Brown's name, Mrs.
Bradley's head sank upon her breast, she
cried in a pitiful way, and whispered:

"Yes."

Judge Powers waited a moment or two
for Mrs. Bradley to regain her compos-Bridal Bouquets in Fashionable Effects.
Reasonable prices. Shaffer, 14th and I.all animation, and even smiles, a wan,
sad, and infinitely pathetic smile.It is only while awaiting the questions
—those times that fall with such an aw-
ful and dread silence—that her face takes
on again the look of patient endurance,
of suffering, and pain.What is this, the counsel speaking:
"Did you suffer any mental distress at
this time?"He means at the time when ex-Senator
Brown had told her that he must violate
his promise and that he could not marry
her.She looks up as if surprised. She
brushes trembling fingers across her
forehead:"Oh, judge," she replies, with a note
of tears in her voice. "Of course, you
know I did!"The strain is great upon her and she
details the sordid facts of her love life;
the children she has lost; the children,
who through this dread shadow are for
time being, lost to her. The pallor steals
over her face again, the lips are pale.
Two of the jurors are furtively wiping
tears from overcharged eyes, and a
kindly bailiff hurries to bring the little
woman a glass of water, which she
eagerly sips.In the somber light of the courtroom
the face of this pathetic figure on the
witness stand is the most remarkable
face there. It is like a mask which only
half conceals the knowledge and memo-
ries beneath. You cannot look at it with-
out thinking of the faces of the sorrow-
ful mothers which the old Flemish mas-
ters loved so to paint.There is a whisper behind. It is the
girl chewing gum, still industriously
chewing. "How old is she?" the whisper
asks.She is thirty-five, but seated here, one
lone woman fighting out such a battle
as it is given few women to fight, she
looks older. She is a woman bowed be-
neath the weight of wrong! And yet, one
can easily see that given a few days in
the happy country and happiness and her
children and a hopeful outlook for the
future, and she might well look younger
than her age—she might even seem
pretty!To the spectators in the courtroom it
grows monotonous, this question and
answer. It is only she upon the stand
that finds this unwanted task a strain.
The resonant male voice questioning is
heard clearly through the room; the
answer comes, musical, but inarticulate,
only a few feet away. In the droning
afternoon it sounds like nothing so much
as a distant vesper bell chiming softly
in the cloisters of a monastery.She is describing one of her many ill-
nesses. The man who is dead had come
to her, and struck with remorse at sight
of her frailty and pain, had cried, so
she says:"Oh, my child, my child, you have suf-
fered so much!"The words bring back to her the mem-
ory of the time when he was tender to
her; when she was hedged about by love
and gentleness—a time so different from
this—and she breaks down for a mo-
ment, sobbing. She is not alone. There
are those in the jury box whose eyes are
wet, and in the body of the room there
is the flutter of handkerchiefs—even the
girl chewing gum ceases a moment to
gulp down a sob.It is deeply moving, intensely dra-
matic, and the center of the drama is
this pathetic figure in black that sits there
immovable and blinks away the hot tears.
One other note. All through the long
day there sat immediately in front of
the witness stand, mercifully concealed
from the witness by the array of counsel,
the eldest son of the man whose death
has brought Mrs. Annie Bradley to her
present peril. Dry eyed, unmoved, with
expressionless face, he sat there and stared
steadily at this woman whom his father
had loved—and left. She never looked
at him; perhaps she felt him there; but,
oh, the tragedy that lay between!She never wavered all the livelong
day; but bit by bit, and thread by thread
she wove the pitiful narrative of her life
of love and bitterness. Once or twice
she looked up at the courtroom clock,
which has ticked so steadily and un-
moved through so many sorrows, and at
the last, in a tired and pleading voice,
she said:

"Oh, I am so tired—so tired!"

"We will adjourn now," said the
judge, who represents mercy as well as
justice; and still brave, still bearing her-
self uprightly and with courage, the lit-
tle woman in black was led back to her
prison cell.And the girl in the front row, as she
went out after the show, was still chew-
ing gum!ure, and then asked when she met him.
Still weeping, she said she met him in
the spring of 1892, and that she was in-
troduced to him by her uncle."State whether you met him afterward
and whether you and he belonged to the
same political party."

"We did."

"Were you thrown into contact with
him in your official position as secretary
of the committee?""I met him very often while I was sec-
retary of the committee, but I knew him
very well before that."Mrs. Bradley said Brown was elected to
the United States Senate in January, 1895.
She said she participated in politics then,
but was not for Brown for the Senator-
ship. She said Brown again became a
candidate after serving out his term of
one year, and that at this time, in 1897
and 1898, she was with him a great deal,
and that they worked together, and she
saw a great deal of him.Shows His Affections.
She said that after August, 1898, Brown's
attentions toward her became marked,
and she showed evidences of affection for
her, and that she found she loved him."Did he make any statement of his
affection for you?""Oh," she replied, her face lighting up
for a moment, "yes, many times."

"What was his manner toward you?"

"I cannot describe it."

"In a general way can you not describe
it?"

Continued on Page 4, Column 3.

No. 1 Cypress Shingles, \$5.50 Per 1,000.
Frank Libbey & Co., 6th st. and N. Y. ave.A la Carte Lunch Served Daily
At Eckstein's from 12 to 2. 1412 N. Y. ave.WILEY BACKS UP
PURE-FOOD COURSEReplies in Pointed Words to
His Critics.

MUST BENODDINGLAW

Reform Work, He Declares, Is
Making Good Progress.Department Has No Desire to Injure
Any Firm's Business, but Foodstuffs
Must Be Sold Under Their Proper
Names and Be What They Are
Claimed to Be—Improvement Al-
ready Apparent in the Drug Trade.New York, Nov. 19.—Dr. Harvey W.
Wiley, chief of the United States Bureau
of Chemistry, at the meeting of the Quill
Club in the Hotel Manhattan to-night, de-
fended his work in securing pure food and
drugs. Though Dr. Wiley did not mention
him by name, his remarks were evidently
aimed at Hugh Gordon Miller, who at the
closing meeting of American Extract
Manufacturers Association on Monday
night declared that Dr. Wiley's activity
was injuring the food business. Dr. Wiley
said:"I have no desire to injure anyone's
business, nor have I any objection to
foods being sold under their proper
names, but I do object to manufacturers
deceiving the public. I have, for in-
stance, no objection to my old friend
Glucose, but I do object to his being
called honey; or when mixed with hay-
seed and coal tar dye, strawberry jam.
Legitimate food business cannot be ruin-
ed; it is only the manufacturers who de-
ceive the public that are hurt by the
pure food laws."Reform Sure to Win.
"The time is coming, and coming soon,
when we shall have pure foods, in every
line. Already many of the worst offend-
ers have reformed, and in the drug busi-
ness everyone of the great manufacturers
is doing his utmost to comply with the
law. Laws are force when public senti-
ment is back of them, and public senti-
ment is back of the pure food law.""I look forward to the time when we
shall have New Orleans molasses as well
as 'beto' de war' and when white flour
shall no longer be used for bread. Within
the last year there has been a revolution
in the drug trade, and people are now
reasonably certain of getting physicians'
prescriptions properly filled. This work
must continue, despite all the protests
about 'harming business,' until all food
and drugs are sold upon an absolutely
ethical basis."Dr. Wiley's remarks were warmly ap-
plauded. The other speaker was Prof.
Charles Baskerville, of the College of the
City of New York, who talked about
"Modern Alchemy." Thomas J. Harris
presided.

MISS SHONTS TO WED DUC

Mother Announces the Engagement,
Despite Father's Objection.De Chaulnes to Win an American
Bride, After a Most Romanti-
c Courtship.New York, Nov. 19.—According to the
American, formal announcement was
made last night, through the secretary of
Mrs. Theodore P. Shonts, of the engage-
ment of her daughter, Theodora, to the
Duc de Chaulnes. The announcement fol-
lows one of the most romantic of court-
ships, in which both Europe and America
have been interested.There has also been in the courtship
an apparent difference of opinion between
the parents of the young woman in re-
gard to international marriages. Theodore
P. Shonts, who retired from the Panama
Canal Commission to take charge of the
Interborough road, according to report,
has not looked with any too much favor
upon the suit of the French nobleman.On the other hand, Mrs. Shonts has
come out strongly in defense of inter-
national marriages. This, too, after Mr.
Shonts had declared his daughter was an
American girl, with good, common sense,
and there need be no alarm.It was while the Shonts family was
abroad that the report was cabled to
America, more than a year ago, of the
engagement of the duke and Miss Shonts.
She was not then eighteen years old.
She had been educated abroad, and her
family had been entertained by the Duch-
esse d'Uzes, the duke's sister, both in
Paris and at the d'Uzes' estates in the
country.

GALE HITS MAURETANIA.

Big Ship Compelled to Slow Down
for Nearly Two Hours.On Board Steamship Mauretania, Tues-
day Morning, Nov. 19.—(By wireless tele-
graph, via Crook Haven.)—The Maure-
tania ran into a southwest gale Monday
morning, which increased in the after-
noon until at 3 o'clock she had to reduce
speed for one hour and forty minutes.
Full speed was then resumed.The passengers generally were not
aware of the speed reduction. The seas
were so heavy that the spare anchor
had to be secured with extra lashings.
The run up to noon, Monday was 571
miles.London, Nov. 19.—Wireless messages re-
ceived here from the Mauretania indicate
that no attempt is being made to break
records, but the 571 miles made up to
noon on Monday compares well with the
first day's run of 561 miles of the Lusitania
on her maiden trip.Weston Far Ahead of Schedule.
Norwalk, Ohio, Nov. 19.—Thirty-six
hours ahead of his schedule, Pedestrian
Weston halted here for two hours en-
route from Elyria to Fremont, which city
he hopes to reach before midnight.Ocean Steamships.
New York, Nov. 19.—Arrived out: Kronprinzessin
Cecile, at Bremen; La Gascogne, at Havre.Flooring (very good), \$2.00 Per 100 Ft.
Frank Libbey & Co., 6th st. and N. Y. ave.SEWED \$2,000 HOARD IN SKIRT
AND THIEF PROMPTLY GOT ITNew York, Nov. 12.—Pearing the se-
curity of the banks, Mrs. William M.
Alley, of 535 Brook avenue, the Bronx,
drew \$2,000, the savings of her lifetime,
during the financial flurry and after wor-
rying over its safety for a week, sewed
it up in the hem of an old skirt which
she has ceased wearing and which she
hung in a closet. To-day she reported
to the police that the skirt had disap-
peared, and with it the \$2,000 hoard. Mrs.Alley said that with her husband she
attended a theater on Friday evening, and
during her absence the house was en-
tered by thieves, who carried off the an-
cient gown. No other clothing was taken,
and little else besides a few silver trinkets
and some silverware.Detectives now are searching the sec-
ond-hand clothing shops for a blue serge
skirt, slightly soiled, badly worn, that
crinkles at the bottom.

WASHINGTON IN RED

Consul General Austin Finds
Portrait in Scotland.ITS HISTORY IS A MYSTERY
Portrays the First President as He
Was Before He Found Fame, and
Has Laid Hidden in Glasgow for a
Century and a Half—Comes to This
Country to Be Viewed by Experts.New York, Nov. 19.—R. W. Austin,
United States consul general at Glasgow,
Scotland, returned with his family on
the Anchor Line steamer California to-
day with a painting of a handsome youth
in a scarlet coat among his effects. This
youth, who stands squarely against the
trunk of a brood oak tree, with the flar-
ing lapels of his coat thrown back from
his flowered waistcoat, a sword buckled
on his thigh, and a three-cornered hat
gripped in his hand, is, Mr. Austin thinks,
none other than Maj. George Washington,
of the Virginia Continental Militia.There is a mystery about this portrait.
Who painted it, who owned it, how it
came to be in Glasgow for a century and
a half, is unknown. Because he believes
that he has really found a new portrait
of Washington, because it depicts him in
his youth, before fame had made his
face familiar, Mr. Austin has brought
the new Washington portrait with him
to America, to be passed on by experts.

EAGLE RACES WITH BALLOON.

Follows Stevens and Forbes in Fast
Flight Over Connecticut.New Haven, Conn., Nov. 19.—A Leo
Stevens, the aeronaut, of Pittsfield, Mass.,
with A. Holland Forbes, a Fifth avenue
(New York) millionaire, who left Pitts-
field this afternoon in Mr. Stevens' bal-
loon known as "Stevens 21," landed at
4:15 this afternoon three miles from Or-
ange Center, which is almost eight miles
southwest of this city. When they went
up from Pittsfield with cheers from hun-
dreds of people from Lenox, Stockbridge,
and the surrounding towns, they had
planned a trip to Boston if the wind per-
mitted.They sailed over Winsted, Torrington,
Waterbury, and Derby at a speed of 40
miles an hour. While over Waterbury
the balloon was 400 feet high. At this
point in their journey they began to
think that the Long Island Sound could
not be far away. Homes were so hazy
they could not make out with any cer-
tainty just where they were.When they supposed they were over
Waterbury and had got a good many
miles between them and the sound, they
suddenly made out the Housatonic River,
a little below Derby, only a few miles
from the waters of Long Island Sound.
Then they decided to come down at once
and they landed in Henry Wheeler's
farm in Orange. The anchor caught in
a wire fence.A half-headed eagle that would measure
two feet from the tip of its wings, fol-
lowed the balloon at a close range from
the Berkshire Hills almost to Waterbury,
where the balloonists lost sight of it.

FAMOUS ACTRESS BANKRUPT.

Claims to the Amount of \$11,000 Are
Filed Against Mrs. Leslie Carter.New York, Nov. 19.—Charles J. McDer-
mott, as attorney for Laura E. Cook, a
dressmaker, Louis Debsch, a cleaner,
and Charles L. Thatcher, a garage man-
ager, filed a petition in involuntary bank-
ruptcy to-day in the United States dis-
trict court against Mrs. Leslie Carter
Payne, the actress, and ex-Assemblyman
Erza P. Prentiss was appointed receiver
of the estate. The claims of the three
creditors amount to about \$11,000. The pe-
tition sets forth that there are other credi-
tors in New York.Mrs. Carter is playing at present on the
New England circuit. Several of her
creditors have attached bank receipts in
some of the cities where she has ap-
peared, and have caused her theatrical
company inconvenience. As a result it
was declared that she was willing that
bankruptcy proceedings should be begun
so as to give all of her creditors equal
rights. Those who have collected claims
by attachments thus far have secured
about \$1,500.Mrs. Carter has made claims against
David Belasco and Charles B. Dillingham,
her former theatrical managers, for
accountings, and it was said to-day that
the receiver of her estate would probably
begin action in these cases to determine
what value they were to her estate.

FORGERY AGAINST ARMY MAN.

Lieut. Lefort Under Court-Martial
on Governors Island.New York, Nov. 19.—First Lieut. Allan
Lefort, of the Coast Artillery, U. S. A.,
was on trial at Governors Island to-day
for forging the names of brother officers
on applications for loans from Norton
& Co., of Wheeling, W. Va.Capt. William Johnston was the judge
advocate of the court. Lieut. Lefort,
who was in the recruiting service, was
arrested at the King Edward Hotel in
West Forty-seventh street on the night
of October 11, and was locked up at po-
lice headquarters on charges preferred
by Norton & Co. After arraignment in a
Police Court he was turned over to the
military authorities at Governors Island.Your Money Earns Nothing
When permitted to remain idle. Put your
surplus funds to work in banking depart-
ment of Union Trust Co., 144 F. St. In-
terest paid on all accounts.PANIC IN TUNNEL
AS TRAINS CRASH

Meet on